

A pretty Ballad of the Lord of Lorn, and the fal'st steward.



I was a worthy Lord of Lorn
He was a Lord of high degree,
He sent unto the Schale
to learn some civility.
He learned more learning in one day
than other children did in three
And then bespake the Schoomaster,
unto him learely,
In faith thou art the honestest boy
that ere I blinkt on with mine eye.
I hope thou art some Easterling boy,
the hap Ch. St. i. with thine.
He said he was no Easterling born
the ch. i. thus answered courteously
My Father is the Lord of Lord.
and I his son perdye.
The Schalmie stet turned round about
his armpit end he cou'd not swinge
He marveled the child could speak so wise
being of so tender age.
He gat a Davie to th. Stree.
the b. i. e. of 84. o. o. shone,
He tak his leave o. h. s. follows all,
and quicly he a-senge.
This even he came to his Father dear,
he kniced down upon h. knee
I am come to you Father he said
Gods blessing give you me
Da. a. art welcome son he said
Gods blessing I give the.
What tidings hast thou brought my Son
being come so hastily.
I have brought tidings Father he said
an old coat my be
There never a boy in all Scotland
but I can read it truly.
There's none a Doctor in all this Realm
but all he goes in rich array,
I can write him a Lelion son

The tune is green sleeves.
to learn in seven years day.
That is good tidings said the Lord
all in the place where I do stand,
My Son thou shalt into France go
to learn the speeches of each land.
Who shall go with him said the Lady
husband we have no more but he.
Adam he saith my head steward
he hath bin true to me,
She cal's the steward to an account
a thousand pounds she gave him anon,
Yes god sir steward be as god to my
when he is far from home. (child)
If I be fass unto my young Lord
then God be like to me indeed,
And now to France they both are gone
and God be their good speed.
They had not been in France Land.
not thre weeks unto an end,
The meat and dr. k the child got none
nor mony in purs. to p. ns.
The child ran to the Rivers side
he was fass to of. k water them
And after follow'd the fall steward,
to put the chi d therin.
But say what y said the child
he asked mercy pitifully.
O steward set me have my life
what ere else my bod'.
Now put off thy fair cloathing
and give it me anon,
So put the o. thy s.ken shirt,
with many a golden seam.
But when the chi d was stript naked
his body white as the lilly flower.
Him self he din see to his hody
a Princes paramour.
He put hi n. i. an old helter coat
and h. ile of the same above the knee
He bid him go to the Shepherds house
to keep sheep on a love lovely.
The child did say what shall be my name,
you st. u. are tell to me,
Thy name shall be poor doth then wear
that thy name shall be
The chi d came to the Shepherds house
and asked mercy pitifully.
Says god sir shepherd take me in
to keep sheep on a love lovely.
But when the Shepherd saw the child,
he was so pleasant in his eye.
I have no chi d he make thee my he r
thou shalt have my gods per. t.
And then bespake the Shepherds wife
unto the child so tenderly,
Thou m. st take the sheep and go to the
and set them on a love lovely. field
Now let us leare talk of the child
that is keeping sheep on a love lovely
And we'll talk v. e. of the fall steward
and of his fell treachery

He bought himself three suits of apparel
that any Lord might a seem to worn
He went a waging to the Duke's ban hter
and cal'd him self the Lord of Lorn,
The Duke he welcomed the young Lord
with three bakes st. gs a mch,
If he had wist him the fall steward,
to the Dibell he would have gone.
But when they were at Supper set
with dainty delicates that was there
The D. said if thou wilst wed my daughter
I'll give thee a thousand pound a ye r,
The Lady would see the red Buck run
and also so to hunt the Deer,
And with a hundred lusty men,
the Lady did a hunting g.
The Lady is a hunting g.
over Fe. nseu that is so high.
There was she ware of a Shepherds boy
with sheep on a love lovely.
And ev'ry he sighed and made moan
and cri ed out pitifully,
My fa. her is the Lord of Lorn
and I know not wha's become of me.
And then bespake the Lady gay
and to her said she speake anon,
Come etch me hither the Shepherds boy
why m. keth he all this mo. n.
But when he came before the Lady,
he was not to learn his Cour. esie
Where was thou born theubanny ch. i.
for whose sake reakst thou all this mo. n.
My dear friend Lady he said
is dead many years ago.
Tell tho. i. to me thou bonny child
tell me the truth and do not lie
Know thou not the young Lord of Lorn
is come a wooing unto me,
Yes forsooth then said the child
I know the Lord then very well,
The young Lord is a valiant Lord,
at home in his own Countys.
Will leave the sheep thou bonny child
and come in service unto me,
Yes forsooth then said the child
at your bidding will I be.
When the st. war. look upon the child
he bi. wail'd him v. i. a. m. o. fly,
Where wast thou born thou bagabone
or where is thy Country.
Go down ha down said the Lady gay
she cal's the steward th. i. presently
Without you bear him more god will
you yet no love of me.
Then bespake the false steward
unto the Lady hastily,
At Ab. rding by yond the Seas
his Father robbed thousands th. i. e.

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The second parr, To the same tune,

96

But then bespake the Lady gay,
Unto her Father couerously
Saying I have found a bony child
My chy avertain to be.
Not so not so then said the Duke
For so it may not be, (wotting)
For that young L. of Lorn that comes a
Will think somthing of the & me
When the Duke had looke upon the child,
He seem'd so pleasant to the eye,
Talke because thou lovest horses well
My gosse of labours thou shalt see.
The cyllie plied the horses well
A twe be mouth to an end,
He was so courteous and so true
To a man become his friend,
He lewe a ale Settung to the water
Where he may drinke verily.
The great Selving up w th his head
And hit the child above the eye,
Who wot thou horse then said the child
That eve Mare taaled the
Thou little knowst what thou hast done
Thou hast stricken a L. of high degree
The D. daughter was in her garn a greenish Duke if you be as willing as we
We hear o the child m. a great man.
She ran to the cyllie all weeping
And left her Spadeis all alone.
Sing on thy Song thou bonny child
I will release thee of thy pain,
I have made an oath Lady he said
I dare not tell my tale ag:in,
Tell the huse the tale thou bonny child
And to thy Oath shall I sare the
But when he tolde the huse his tale
The L. wept ful tenderly,
He do o the m. bonny child,
I t th I will do more for the
For I will send thy Father word
an he shall come and speake w th me,
I will do more my bonny child
In faith I will do more for thee,
And so thy sake my bonny child
He put my weddng off months three,
The Lady she did write a letter
full pittifully with her own hand,
She sent it to the Lord of Lorn.
Wheras he dwells in late Scotland
But when the Lord had read the letter
his L. do wyt most tenderly.
I know what would become of my child
In thair Country.
The old Lord call'd up his merry men,
and all that he gave clote and fa,

With seven Lords by his side,
And tw o kniuer does he.
The wind serv'd and they did falle
So far into France land,
They were ware of the L. of Lorn,
Wotting with a porters staff in his hand,
The Lords they mowed hat and hand
The Serrigmen fel on their knee,
What folks be yonder said the steward
that makes the porter courtesie.
Thou art a false thief said the L. of Lorn
no longer might I bear w ith thee,
By the Law of France thou shalt be jugd
Whether it be to live or die,
A Quest of Lords there chosen was
to Banch they came hastly,
But wh n the Quest was ended
the false steward must dye.
First they did him hal häng
and then they took him down anon
An then put him in boylng leas,
and then was so den hest and bone,
And then bespake the L. of Lorn
With many other Lords more,
A greenish Duke if you be as willing as we
we lva e a marriage before we go,
These children both they did rejoyce
to hear the L. his tale so good,
They had rather to day then to morrow
so he woud not be offendred,
But when the wedding exced was
there was delicious dainty chear,
I tell you how long the wedding did last
su lte quarters of a year.
Such a banquet there was wrought,
the like was sene I say,
Such a basquet there was wrought
the like was never seen,
The king of France brought with him then
a hundred tun of god red wine.
Five set of Musicians were to be seen
that never rested night nor day,
Also Italiens th re did sing
full pleasantly with great joy.
This have you herewhit troubles great
and accid- e joyes disture.
An happy news among the rest,
unto thes worthy Lord of Lorn,
Let rebels therefore warred be
now in schiel oice they do pretend
For God my suffer for a time
but will disclose it in the end.

Printed for F. C. Es T. Vere and W. Gilbertson.